

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

Songbirds That Spend the Summer in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Certain varieties of songbirds come to Washington for the summer months only, and at present numbers of these visitors can be seen in the city parks, in the grounds of the capitol, White House or agricultural department. They are recognized both by their tuneful songs and by their vivid coloring. The summer birds have bright reds, yellows, green and blues in their coats, in marked contrast to the sober grays and browns of those which fly about during the drearier months of the year. The warblers, thrushes, vireos, tanagers, swallows and orioles make up this summer colony which settles in the heart of the city and in its many beautiful suburbs beyond.

The warblers are a busy little group that frequent the Virginia side of the Potomac from Rosslyn to Chain bridge. They are small birds with thin voices that are not especially musical, although one or two varieties have some really fine singers.

The thrush family contains some of the sweetest singers, and with many bird lovers they are the favorite songsters. The wood thrush, which is larger than the other varieties, is a bright brown in color, with large dark spots on its creamy breast. It is found in most woods around Washington, and generally sings at sunset, early in the morning or on a cloudy day. Its song is clear and thrilling, while its call-note is a soft "whit, whit."

Another interesting group are the vireos, dainty little birds whose coloring harmonizes so well with the leaves around which they live that they are often passed by unnoticed. They have sweet voices and build little basket nests suspended from forked twigs.

The Smithsonian grounds are a favorite place for the orioles, both the Baltimore and orchard.

The tanagers are the most brilliant of all the colony. The scarlet tanager, as its name implies, is a seven-inch bird with bright flaming body and jet black wings. He mostly keeps well outside the city limits, as his bright coloring is a sure mark for his enemies.

District of Columbia 125 Years Old This Year

THE district of Columbia was established as the seat of the government of the United States by congress 125 years ago—July 15, 1790. The requisite area for the District was offered to congress by the states of Maryland and Virginia, and originally was a square, the sides of which were about ten miles each.

After the war was over it was deemed advisable to look about for a permanent residence of congress. The articles of confederation left congress free to meet where it would. There were shortly many competitors. Of the 13 states which at that time fringed the Atlantic, the central point was in Maryland and Virginia. Early in 1783 New York tendered Kingston, in May, Maryland urged the choice of Annapolis; in June, New Jersey offered a district below the falls of the Delaware. Virginia, having Georgetown for its object, invited Maryland to join in a cession of equal portions of territory lying together on the Potomac, leaving congress to fix its residence on either side.

During the summer congress appointed a committee to consider what jurisdiction it should exercise in its abiding place. Things drifted on for some time, and finally, in deference to Washington's judgment, the Potomac country was selected. By an act of March 30, 1791, Washington was authorized to select the site and mark the boundaries, and this he did early in the year, the corner stone of the Federal territory being laid on April 15.

Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, who had served in the Continental army, was chosen to lay out the town, and though dismissed in March, 1792, he drew up a plan which was adopted by the commissioners in charge, and in accordance with this Andrew Ellicott laid out the city.

Album of Escaped Federal Convicts Is Prepared

SOMEWHERE beyond the reach of the long fingers of the law a scattered, furtive company of criminals are "hiding out" today. They are men who have escaped from federal prisons during the past six years. Some of them may have died in their self-sought obscurity. Others may have made perilous going to some strange port where extradition is an unknown menace.

Yet, whether they are alive or dead, and whether they are in a zone of safety or skulking in some underground dive from which they could be dragged forth to pay the penalty for their offenses, the superintendent of prisons in the department of justice and countless sheriffs and prison officials throughout the country are anxious to learn their whereabouts. This is why a small volume containing the photographs of the escaped criminals, their descriptions, details of the crimes for which they are wanted and facts concerning their escapes has just been prepared for publication.

These escaped convict albums will be distributed broadcast throughout the country.

One of the most interesting features of the album, aside from the fact that each page of it will contain the record of crime or tragedy, is the fact that it emphasizes, perhaps, more than anything else has ever done, the comparative infrequency of escapes from federal penitentiaries and jails, and the indomitable, never-ceasing, relentless pursuit which the law sets after those who may for the moment shake loose their shackles for a brief though hunted liberty.

There are approximately only 150 convicts at large today who have won their ways clear of federal prisons without the formality of discharge or pardon.

Cranks From Everywhere Flock to the Capital

WASHINGTON has been declared the mecca for cranks. Stowed away in corners of their diseased minds are wonderfully fantastic schemes of which they hope to carry out with the aid of the president. For the majority of these monomaniacs—that is, the scientific name for them—have a keen desire to see the chief representative of the United States.

There are many different varieties of cranks. Most of them are harmless and imagine themselves people of importance. They assume dignified postures in front of the White House and haughtily demand that the policeman on guard present their cards and respects to the president. Still others, cranks of the inventive turn of mind, have just invented flying yachts or engineless autos, and wish to have President Wilson put his stamp of approval on them.

There are a few dangerous cranks. Frank Holt, who placed a bomb in the capitol, shot J. P. Morgan, threatened to dynamite several big ocean liners and committed suicide in jail, was of this latter class. These monomaniacs labor under the delusion that they have "received orders from on high" to perform a certain "task for the benefit of mankind." Whatever crimes they commit they believe are wise acts which will aid humanity.

In order to safeguard the high officials of this country, the chief targets for these individuals of strange hallucinations, and the residents of Washington against any acts of violence which they might commit, squads of uniformed police and plain-clothes men are on the alert day and night for the cranks who arrive in the city from time to time with their weird plots matured and ready to put in action.

Explains Distribution of Animals.
According to a German scientist, animals have been distributed over the world by the oscillation of its axis, which has changed the climate of various lands.

Worth While Quotation.
"In the sand dunes there is always silence—a suggestion of a vast desert of immeasurable silences where everything human can be buried and forgotten."—Selected.

LIMB MAKERS ARE KEPT BUSY



The manufacture of artificial limbs has grown rapidly since the war began. This is a scene in a factory where legs and arms are being made for maimed German soldiers.

WHEN LIFE GROWS INTERESTING AND DEATH MUCH MORE LIKELY

Night Visit to the Trenches Interestingly Described by Frederick Palmer—When the Human Soldier Fox Comes Out of His Warren and Sneaks Forth on the Lookout for Prey—Flares of Light Only Evidence of Proximity of Hostile Force.

By FREDERICK PALMER.
International News Service.

British Headquarters, France.—Night is always the time in the trenches when life grows more interesting and death more likely.

"It's dark enough, now," said the young officer who was my host. "We'll go out with the patrol."

By day the slightest movement of the enemy is easily and instantly detected; the light keeps the combatants to the warrens which protect them from shell and bullet fire. At night there is no telling what mischief the enemy may be up to. At night you must depend upon the ear rather than the eye for watching. Then the human soldier fox comes out of his warren and sneaks forth on the lookout for prey. At night both sides are on the prowl.

"Trained owls would be the most valuable scouts we could have," said the young officer. "They would be more useful than aeroplanes in locating the enemy's gun positions. A properly reliable owl would come back and say a German patrol was out in the wheat field at such a point and we would wipe out that German patrol with a machine gun."

These young officers who fill the gaps left by the old, do not leave their fancy behind when they enter the trenches.

We turned into a side trench—an alley off the main street leading out of the front toward the Germans.

"Anybody out?" he asked a soldier who was on guard at the end of it.

"Yes, two."

Prowling in Paris.

Of course, there were two anyhow. All prowling is done in pairs at least. One man can help his comrade if he is wounded or bring back the news if he is dead.

It is the business of every man on guard to know where the patrol goes, so as not to fire in that direction.

"Get down," whispered the officer.

Just Take the Hint.

It seemed sort of foolish to grovel before a piece of fireworks. There was no firing in our neighborhood, nothing to indicate a state of war between the British empire and Germany, no visual evidence of any German army anywhere in France except that flare. However, if a guide who knows as much about war as this one knew, says to get down when you are out between two lines of machine guns and rifles—between the fighting powers of England and Germany—you take the hint. The flare sank into the earth a few yards away after a last insulting ugly fling of red light in our faces.

"What if we had been seen?"

"They'd have combed the wheat in this neighborhood thoroughly—and they might have got us."

"It's hard to believe," I suggested.

So it was, he agreed. That was the exasperating thing about it. Always hard to believe, perhaps, until after all the cries of wolf the wolf came—until after nineteen flares the twentieth revealed to the watching enemy the figure of a man above the wheat when a dozen rifles and perhaps a machine gun suddenly broke the silence of night by concentrating on a target.

Then there might be another name on the British casualty list, which meant an able-bodied officer or soldier whom his country had trained was transferred from the asset to the liability column of the ledger. Keeping cover from German flares is a part of the minute, painstaking economy of war.

EMMANUEL AT THE FRONT

The king of Italy mounted on one of his favorite chargers. The presence of the king has imbued his soldiers with great confidence and energy. The king has had several narrow escapes from death while watching shell fire.

DIAMONDS WILL COST MORE

War Causes Practical Cessation of Production in South African Mines.

London.—Diamonds are likely to be extremely expensive in the near future, for there is likely to be a scarcity of the commodity when peace comes. Production has as good as ceased. The mines in South Africa are closed down, their engineering staffs disbanded and their native laborers repatriated. It will take a long time to restore the industry to its old activity.

When the war broke out the syndicate in Berlin which buys the diamonds from Southwest Africa found itself with a stock of 1,500,000. These are being cut for very low wages by craftsmen in Belgium and sold via Holland to the United States. The United States is practically the only country buying diamonds now.

On the declaration of war the syndicate which takes over the De Beers

on the job, that they knew how to watch. The visit was a part of his routine.

As we were on business we did not even whisper. Preferably all the whispering would be done by any German patrol out to have a look at our barbed wire—and that would give the Germans away.

Silence and the starlight and the dew-moist wheat; but yet, there was war. You heard gun fire half a mile, perhaps a mile away, and raising your head you saw the auroras of light from bursting shells. At intervals, as if set by clock work with Teutonic system, flares rose from the German trenches.

We heard at our backs faintly smatches of talk from our trenches and faintly in front the talk from the German trenches—which sounded rather inviting and friendly from both sides, like that around some camp fire on the plains.

Visiting Not in Order.

It seemed quite within the bounds of probability that you might have crawled on over and said: "Howdy" to the Germans; but before you could present your visiting card, and by the time you reached the edge of their barbed wire, if not sooner, you would have been shot into a pulp. This was just the kind of a diversion from trench monotony the Germans were looking for.

"Well, shall we go back?" asked the officer.

There seemed no particular purpose in spending the night flat on the earth looking into a wall of wheat with your ears cocked like a pointer dog. Besides, he had other duties to attend to, this pleasant, alert youngster who had left home to fight and die for England, exacting duties laid down by the colonel as the result of trench experience in his responsibility for the command of a company of men.

It happened as we crawled back into the trench that a fury of shots broke out from a point along the line two or three hundred yards away—vicious, sharp shots on the still night air—stabbing, merciless death in their sound. Oh, yes, there was war in France, unrelenting, shrewd, tireless, war. A touch of suspicion anywhere along that quiet trench—and a swarm of hornets poured forth.

SHARK PLAYS THE DENTIST

Line in Gleason's Mouth When It Attacked Bait—Gleason Loses Front Tooth.

Savannah, Ga.—The shark commonly known as the "hog shark" in native waters is now fully qualified as a dentist, or, in other words, the big fish pulled a molar in real approved style. A local bank official was the man who underwent the experience of having his tooth whisked out of his face. Here's the way it happened:

He is Mr. P. F. Gleason of the Germania bank force. He was in a launch in Warsaw sound. While fishing he placed the line in his mouth, holding it between his teeth. There was a sudden terrific tug as a shark grasped the bait, and the tooth, exactly in front in the upper gum, was torn out.

DOLLY SEES LONG SERVICE

St. Louis Delivery Horse Had Been in Harness for Thirty-two Years.

St. Louis.—Dolly, a delivery horse which had been in the service of the Kane grocery store in Alton for 32 years, died recently.

The horse was so well acquainted with the route and the customers during her many years of service that she did not need to be told where to make stops, and drivers could make their deliveries without touching the lines.

The horse was a pet of Kane who died a few years ago. In compliance with Kane's request the horse was led behind the hearse in the funeral procession.

WAS MORMON'S LEGAL WIFE



Mrs. Bertha Eccles of Ogden, Utah, legal wife of the Mormon multimillionaire timber and sugar man, David Eccles. This picture of Mrs. Eccles was taken just after she left the stand as a witness in the suit of Mrs. Margaret Giddens for a share of the millionaire's estate for her son, of whom she alleged Eccles to be the father. She won her case. The decision affects no less than 5,000 persons in Utah who have been born in plural wedlock.

and Jagerfontein products had a stock of 4,000,000. It has already disposed of half, and the Premier mine, which markets its own diamonds, has got rid of a third.

Traffic Officer Found Rare Gem.
New York.—While directing traffic at Broadway and Chambers streets, Policeman McArevery, of the traffic squad, saw something sparkle in the gutter. He picked it up and found it was a gold brooch set with six diamonds and worth \$2,500.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation



Pleasing Results Obtained From Some Spare Minute Gardens.

SPARE MINUTE GARDENS

By LULU G. PARKER.

These spare-minute gardens, designed for busy women, are not formal affairs; they are border beds about two by eight feet in size and should be planted along the walks, driveways and fences.

Get good seed from a reliable seedsmen. Phlox will not germinate at all unless it is fresh. Cheap balsam seed will produce poor flowers.

Plant tall sorts in a row at the back, medium sized sorts in clumps of a dozen seedlings or more, and use the low growing sorts for edging.

Any of these little gardens will furnish enough cut flowers for the table, with a few to give away, besides brightening the yard from June until frost.

Five minutes each day or half an hour once a week given up to stirring the top soil and weeding, will be all the attention required after the planting is done.

No. 1. Annuals for a sunny garden with plenty of water. Flowers from June until November.

One packet cosmos, early flowering three to four feet; blooms in July until frost. Start seed indoors and transplant six feet apart in the garden in May.

One packet balsam one to one and one-half feet; blooms June and July. Sow in the garden in May. Thin or transplant ten inches apart.

One packet phlox drummondii six inches to one foot; blooms June and July.

One packet dahlias eighteen inches to two feet; blooms September and October. Start seed in the house, set in garden one foot apart after danger from frost is past.

One packet sweet alyssum six inches; June to November. Sow seed in the garden early. This alyssum will thrive in a damp place as well.

No. 2. Garden in a dry, sandy soil. These plants will require no watering during the driest summer, if weeds are kept out and the soil is

mulched with old manure or lawn clippings, or if the plants are set close enough together to shade the ground after July 1.

One packet climbing nasturtium four to six feet; blooms in July until frost. Set seed one inch deep in May.

One packet nicotiana affinis two to three feet; July until frost. Start in May one foot apart.

One packet candytuft one foot; June and July. Sow seed early in the garden.

One packet poppy one to one and one-half feet; July and August. Mix seed with sifted soil, sow the earlier the better. Firm the soil with a board or the hand but do not cover. Not easily transplanted.

One packet petunia dwarf six inches; July to September. Start in the house for early bloom. Grown anywhere, Petalocera (rose moss) is another annual for a dry soil. Grows in a sand pile, six inches. Sow the seed middle of May.

No. 3. A handy garden that will bloom the first year with a light strawy winter protection and improve in appearance from year to year. After the first planting they will require only an occasional mulch of old manure. Pull the weeds and thin the plants when they begin to crowd, which will not be before the third spring.

Start all these seeds in the hot-bed or a box of fine soil in a sunny window.

One packet hollyhock four to six feet; July to August. Get single early blooming.

One packet delphinium (hardy larkspur) one to three feet; June to July.

One packet New England asters one to three feet; June to the end of August. Sow seed out of doors early.

One packet pompon chrysanthemum one to three feet; October until snow flies.

In October plant bulbs of daffodils, late tulips and crocus in this garden to have flowers from March 15 until November with practically no work.

NOTES ON BLOOMING THINGS

No matter what the calendar says, do not plant your tuberous out of doors until the ground is warm and spring settles down.

Liquid manure is made by sawing a barrel in two or using a tub with a spigot near the bottom. Punch holes in an old lard can through the bottom and fill with fresh manure. Place it on the tub (with boards laid across the tub) and fill the can with water.

Harden plants grown under cover by exposing them to the sun and air and outdoor atmosphere. Expose them but a short time at first and increase the exposure until they are hardy. However, they must not be left in the weather during high or cold winds or when frost, snow or ice are in the air.

Mulch sweet peas by sowing seeds of any of the low growing annuals along the pea trenches and thereby extend their growing season.

SAVE GRASS CLIPPINGS

Save the grass clippings from the lawn to serve as a mulch for the bed of tea roses. These plants like to have the soil about their roots cool and moist. Spread the grass over the bed to a depth of two or three inches. When it withers, work it into the soil to act as a fertilizer as it decays, and apply fresh clippings.

FIRE BLIGHT

Fire blight is caused by disease germs in the tissue of the plant and the leaves and new growth turn black as though having been scorched. Cut out all the infected parts and burn them.

Might Do Better.

It may be supposed that two women kiss each other when they meet because one imagines that she is expected to do so, and the other hasn't the moral courage to disillusionize her.—Albany Journal.

Cheap Flowerpot Stand.

An ordinary cheese box with wooden clothespins stuck around the edge, inverted and stained black, makes a very attractive Japanese flowerpot stand for summer homes.

WIRE NETTING SUPPORT

This arrangement makes an excellent support for any of the climbing plants. Any kind of chicken wire will answer the purpose. The posts should be driven solidly into the ground so that the weight of the plants will not cause them to sag.

Plants supported in this way will grow faster and blossom more freely.



Support for Climbing Plants.

than if they are supported. Sweet peas, particularly, should be supported by wire netting, or inch lattice work, and not be allowed to straggle up uncertain strings, only to be blown down by the first heavy storm.

CARE OF THE LAWN

In a dry season don't mow the lawn as often as in the showery one. Regulate the frequency of your mowing by the appearance of the grass. Aim to keep it looking green and velvety. It will not have such a look if you keep it shaved too closely in dry weather. And don't make the mistake of clipping it too short. A sword that has the appearance of having been shaved with a razor cannot be ornamental. There must be enough of the grass blade left to give the dark, rich color and the plushlike effect upon which all lawns depend for their attractiveness.

Chivalry.

The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or a woman left to say: "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt."—Charles Kingsley.

Horses in the Civil War.

During the last years of our civil war the quartermaster-general's report shows that the consumption of horses and mules, on the northern side alone, amounted to 500 a day.